

# Why Do Women Marry the Wrong Men?

Fair Readers of The Evening World Will Be Given Prizes for Answers to Three Questions.

By Harriet Hubbard Ayer.

May I once more call the attention of interested readers to the conditions governing this contest?

First of all, there are three separate questions.

Each is to be answered by itself, and a prize of \$10 each will be awarded the three winners. Who ever chooses may compete for the three prizes. But each must be completed separately.

Letters positively must be written only on one side of the paper, and must not be over 150 words in length.

I repeat these conditions, because we are still receiving many letters which answer all three questions at one fell swoop. Many of them are so good, that it gives me real concern to know they are barred from competition because the writers have not conformed to the rules.

The contest will close Thursday, the 15th, and the names of prize-winners will be given Saturday, Oct. 17.

There is still time for the prize-winning letters to be written, and I trust some of the one stone will concentrate on one question, or answer each separately, so they may stand a chance of winning a prize.

"Lest He Forget" Let All

Husbands Read the Following.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

My ideal husband must be a God-fearing man, in every sense of the word; perfectly devoted to his wife, unliking of her pleasure and comforts; first, always watchful that she never does any mental work that he can do for her; never allowing her to do any outside work (that is really his to do); leaving the business career of life to her; when he enters the home, made so sweet and clean by loving hands; greeting her with the sweetest of words; striving to keep the love she has so unselfishly given him; assuring her by these little attentions that she is as dear to him after years of married life as when he wooed and

won her. He should impress upon her mind that she is his equal in every way; avoid fault finding and family quarrels; place the utmost confidence in her. Let love rule the home and your wife will be made happy by so doing.

Mrs. O.

Her Ideal Husband Is the Man

Who Keeps the Marriage Covenant.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

My ideal husband is the God-fearing man who will comply to the letter with the conditions made in the Sacrament of Marriage; whose noble nature and refined intellect would scorn to do anything but love and honor the woman he has selected to share his career; who, if poverty and sickness and their accompanying trials assail them, will give to his helpmate that sweet support of love and undaunted courage which has brightened the dark days of many a poor, disheartened wife and mother. Come what may, he would cheerfully bow to the divine decree, and say, "Not my will, but Thine be done."

Mrs. A. R.

At 84 an Evening World Reader

Describes the Ideal Husband.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

My ideal husband is one that loves his wife enough to remain at home as much as he can, and makes his wife happy with his presence. I have had two husbands and never could I have found better men if I hunted the city through. They were New England people and I was a New England girl. They were poor carpenters, but they were good. I think I had two husbands of the same kind. I was married when I was eighteen years of age, and now I am eighty-four years old, and I think my love grows stronger every day. I could write you much more of my husbands' goodness, but I feel I should weary your patience.

Mrs. S. PRESCOTT.

Why Women Condone the Faults

of the Men They Have Married.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

Why do women condone the faults in men they

condemn in their own? Simply because, being women, they understand women. They know

THE EVENING WORLD offers three prizes of

\$10 each for the best answers to the following questions:

BEST DESCRIPTION OF THE IDEAL HUSBAND.

WHY WOMEN MARRY THE WRONG MEN?

WHY DO WOMEN CONDONE THE FAULTS

where she fails. But man is a different being. He is something far removed from their vision. They look "through a glass darkly" at him, believing him either a devil incarnate or an angel from heaven; the particular man they happen to be looking at (or for) necessarily being an angel. They almost see his wings if he had them flapping to and fro. Or, again, they know women, they do not know men. So ignorance leads them to make a wrong choice, and later they see more plainly the faults they no longer care to condone.

IDA J. M.

She Has Spent Seven Happy

Years with Her Ideal.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

I RESOLVED on an ideal before I was married, and have spent seven years of happy married life with one whom I consider so. First, he must be honorable; not one who has gained fame through money, politics or position, but one who has the qualities developed to be at all times honorable. Admitting that men are born with the same Divine nature and possibilities, yet in many it is latent. The ideal husband must be able to master all situations and not become a slave or dissipated in business, intoxicants, politics, or anything, at the sacrifice of his home. He must be one who is spiritually inclined; one who loves children; who can be kind to his fellow-man, also to animals; in short, one who has the qualities to bring forth all that is highest and best in life. This appeals to the intuitive nature of women, and blended with the rea-

IN MEN THEY CONDEMN IN THEIR OWN SEX?

A \$10 prize to the best answer to each question.

Letters must be written on one side of the paper only and must not be over 150 words long. Send letters to Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer, Evening World, Pulitzer Building, New York City.

sonable nature of man makes an ideal married life.

A. M. K.

Above All Else, the Ideal

Husband Keeps His Temper.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

My ideal husband is one who loves his wife enough to show respect for her always; one who can have a conversation with his wife without getting angry at her ignorance on subjects he is better posted on; one who can talk common household matters over without getting excited, and never quarrel or loses control of himself, especially before his children. One whose wife need never hide anything from him, knowing that if troubles do come he will sit down and talk things over with her, weighing the question between them, because they would be after all only loving partners in the game of life.

K. R. R.

Her Ideal Husband

Is Her Opposite.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

My ideal husband for any woman is the man inclined to be her opposite in temperament. I do not mean the light-haired woman for the dark-haired man, &c. but if the woman possesses a fine voice the man should only be musical in taste. If the woman can play the piano nicely, the man should not be able to play the banjo, but just take delight in watching the lady manipulate the keys. Again, if the man is a scientist or electrician, or even a motorman, the woman should know and care

enough about his business to be interested in all that concerns it. If he is a man who is proud and ambitious to have a home of his own but whose weekly earnings seem to be too small to ever realize that dream, she should be a woman who would put her shoulder to the wheel and help push it along. J. R.

The Ideal Must Be Ever Founded

Upon a Living Example.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

I DO not believe an ideal is formed until one has admired some living person. An ideal is a confused thought until a woman meets the one she loves, and then the ideal conforms with the husband and is a clear thought. A husband's ideas should not clash with the wife's, and he or she who tries to be a helpmate toward joy is a clear thought or so-called "ideal." Misconception of character, means and social position of the man makes unhappiness. Drunkards or brutes are the wrong men. Deceit, intentional, on the part of the man, by the breaking of the trust, has made many a woman say she has married the wrong man. It has not been customary for a girl to hear man condemned, and she has grown into woman with the idea it is customary to overlook his faults. Drunkenness in man or woman is despised and condemned. Other sins are passed over lightly.

A. F. W.

Woman's Tender Heart Opens Wide

When a Man Confesses Faults.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

THE following are my two reasons why women condone the faults in men which they condemn in their own sex: First, women take pride in reforming men; second, they shrink from demanding more of men than does the world at large. A man often touches the secret spring to a woman's heart by confessing his faults and telling her that she is his only salvation. Whether the man is sincere or not, his confession, is an appeal to her vanity; and she is willing to overlook and forgive his past in the hope of making him a better man. Again, every woman has an idea, all her own that she should expect as much of a man as he expects of her. Society is not so rigid. She

sure not stand alone. Such a barrier would separate her from the other sex, for there are few strictly virtuous men.

W. L. S.

The Ideal Husbands Again

Increased by One.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

I am of opinion that a great deal depends on the woman a man marries whether he proves to be an ideal husband. Most men, if they have wives that truly love them, and love their homes, will prove to be ideal husbands. If a man is honest, industrious and a good provider, and really loves the woman he has married, he will come as near being an ideal husband as it is possible for a man to be.

IDEAL HUSBAND'S WIFE, Bayonne, N. J.

Mutual Love and No Bad Habits

Make Home a Paradise.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

I THINK my husband is one of the best men alive. From the time we first met until now we have never had an angry word between us. We always agree. He never goes out without me except to work. He has no bad habits; he does not smoke, chew, drink or gamble. He likes to read to me, and I do the same to him. We go out and have very pleasant times. We have been married five years and it is the happiest time of my life. He gets me everything I wish for, and I have a very fine home. I think it every girl marries a man that she loves and if he loves her and there are no bad habits on either side they will be happy.

Mrs. CHARLES A. SCHMIDT.

Valley Stream, L. I.

Husbands Are Like New Furniture,

the Polish Soon Wears Off.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

I THINK women marry the wrong men from lack of experience, for we never know a person until we have lived with them for a length of time. To me, a man seems like a piece of new furniture, highly polished at first, but the polish doesn't last. I would have my ideal husband treat me precisely as I treat him. Love is the link of such mistakes.

MINTAKEN.

## So Fair, So False.

BY CHARLES GARVICE.

TWO WOMEN'S HEARTS AND ONE MAN'S LOVE

(Permission of George Munro's Sons.)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTER.  
Sir Heron Letchford becomes engaged to Miss Helen Rose Vavasour, a London girl. May, a sister of Helen, vows she shall never marry May.

CHAPTER II.  
The Vagabond.

THE next day Rose Vavasour began her campaign. Playing on the jealousy which was one of the few flaws in Helen's nature she artfully implanted malicious little stings concerning May's reputation as a flirt. All of this was done in a way that Helen could not fully comprehend, but which left in his heart a vague distrust of the girl he loved.

Heron fought down this feeling as unworthy, but it was not dead. It was ready to spring into wild flame at a later day.

One morning Helen drove May and Carrie over to the nearby farm in his gig. Just as they reached the grounds they saw a man struggling in the grip of two soldiers. He was a deserter whom they were recapturing. May caught one glimpse of his face and left her usually pale.

"Save him! save him!" she cried instinctively to the soldiers, and the man escaped. Heron regarded the whole incident as a sign of her excited nerves, and he thought no more of it at the time.

That evening May stood alone in the grounds of her father's new place a man suddenly appeared before her. She gives a cry of joy and astonishment as she stares into his face. With deep, pale and haunted eyes, and the back of his head, and the dark blue of his uniform, but there is a look of that same old sullenness and ferocity which vice sets, as surely as fate, on the countenance. At his feet the man would look a gentleman, and he is most assuredly at his worst now.

"Sir!" exclaims May. "My own brother! Oh, how I hoped you would come, when I saw you escape from those two soldiers today!" She broke off with a sob.

"Don't cry, May," he says, his own eyes broken and his own eyes rather moist. "For heaven's sake don't cry. I never could stand that, and I shall not again."

"No, no, I won't, but, oh, Sir—Sir!" And she choked a long sob.

"And my father?" she asks, with a sudden frown. "Where is he?"

"In London for a long time," he says, with a sigh. "Oh, Sir, why don't you go to him?"

"Never," he says, with a tightening of the lips and a frown. "The last time I saw him he turned me out of doors. He said I was a disgrace to the family. Not half what some young men have done. You were wild and thoughtless. Oh, Sir, if you had only told me something about yourself, who was that swell fellow who was with this morning? Whoever he is, he drives good cattle. Hello! for he sees the blush that covers her face—you mean to say 'Where?'"

"Yes," she whispers. "Yes, yes! He is Sir Heron Letchford."

"Of course, you have not told him anything about me."

"Quite right," he says, patting her on the back. "Quite right. May, promise me—promise me that you won't tell him a word about me. I don't ask it for your sake only, but for mine. For—and his face flushes (a good sign)—I mean, if I get a chance to turn over a new leaf, but my confounded luck was one too many for me, a usual."

"What's that?" he asks suddenly. "What's that?" he asks suddenly. "I thought I heard a footstep. Perhaps it was only a rabbit."

## Athletic Secrets of the Wide-Chested Girl

A Good Stomach Necessary to a Perfect Bust—The Benefits of Deep Breathing.

**Blow Horn**  
To Develop the Chest

**Expel the Air**  
Without Blowing Out the Candle

**Close the Fists**  
And Exercise the Muscles

**Rowing Movement**

**Animated Stretching**

The beauty of a good chest and of a well developed bust is something that admits of no argument. A woman who is well balanced as to her chest walks better, looks better, feels better and enjoys better health than the one who is slumped. Strange as it may seem, the first step toward a full bust is a good digestion. Get the stomach so that you can stand straight and even bend backward and you will have accomplished a great deal. Second, accompany the shoulders to the backward bend. If necessary, assist them to be hollow. Train them to bend backward instead of forward. Always stand straight, always sit straight. Do not lop forward in an easy chair and soon the habit of sitting and standing straight will grow on you. There are a few shoulder exercises which you might try. They will straighten the back and the shoulders and will help widen the chest. The first one is the stretching movement. Stretch well and thoroughly, then stretch over again; go through with the stretching until you are thoroughly loosened up as to the muscles. In the dramatic schools they compel the pupils to stretch and also to gaze. They must open the mouth wide and gaze and stretch, going through with the motion many times. This makes the face and the mouth limber and gets the pupil ready for the day's work of talking and acting. One can stretch lying down or standing, but it is best for the shoulders to stand. Stand and throw the arms back and stretch well. After she has exercised her back and shoulders in this way a woman will find it hard to sit in a slumping attitude, and she will, without effort, square her shoulders and hold herself erect. Diet has a great deal to do with the development of the chest. The woman who lives on meat is much less apt to have a fine chest development than the one whose diet is of a more starchy order. Eating fruit is good for the person of poor digestion and for the woman with a narrow chest. But she must not eat it before meals in sufficient quantities to take away her appetite. Many delicately constructed persons can eat no breakfast after they have taken fruit, and these people should not try to eat fruit before their meals. Sleeping a great deal develops the figure, while it quiets the nerves, and it is as good a tonic as one could desire. But in the lesson of the development of the figure, deep breathing is the first thing to be learned and the last thing to be forgotten. Deep breathing consists of taking air into the lungs and of expelling it fully. The lungs are then inflated with air, which in turn expands it. It is an excellent exercise for the one who wants to learn deep breathing so that

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